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CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG

GRAND

ENGLISH OPERA.



THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

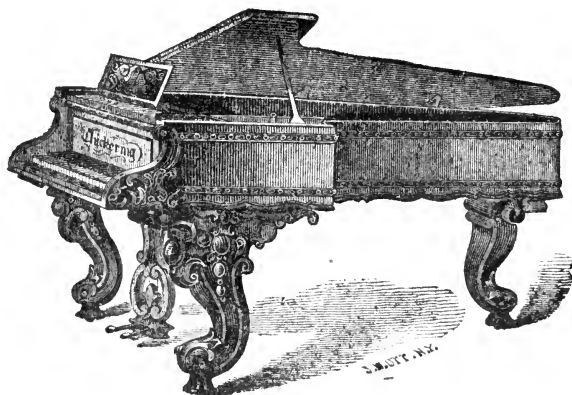
THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

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48 Boylston Street,  
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CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG

GRAND

ENGLISH OPERA.

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THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

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THE MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE,

THE WORDS BY

ALFRED BUNN.

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1873.

### Dramatis Personae.

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COUNT ARNHEIM ( <i>Governor of Presburg</i> ).....	
THADDEUS ( <i>a proscribed Pole</i> ).....	
FLORESTEIN ( <i>nephew to the Count</i> ).....	
DEVILSHOOF ( <i>Chief of the Gipsy tribe</i> )....	
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.....	
OFFICER.....	
FIRST GIPSY.....	
SECOND GIPSY.....	
ARLINE ( <i>the Count's daughter</i> ).....	
BUDA ( <i>her attendant</i> ).....	
QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.....	

Nobles, Soldiers, Retainers, Peasants, &c., &c.,

F. SCOTT SMITH

## PLOT.

THIS opera commences with an assemblage of villagers, with Count Arnheim, Florestein, and others, for the purpose of hunting. They depart for that purpose, and Arline, the Count's daughter, induces her attendant, Buda, to allow her to join the party. Thaddeus enters, exhausted by long flight from pursuing soldiers, and soon Devilshoof and a party of gipsies appear, and purpose to rob Thaddeus, who, however, proposes to join their band, and is accepted. Suddenly there are loud alarms and confusion, and it is announced that Arline and her attendant are being attacked by some wild animal. Thaddeus seizes the rifle which Florestein had left, runs up a rock, and fires. Arline is brought in, wounded in the arm by the stag. The Count is profuse in his acknowledgments of the service rendered him by Thaddeus, and the fete begins. The Count offers as a toast the Emperor's health, a toast Thaddeus refused to do honor to; and on being pressed to do so, hurls his glass with contempt at the statue of the Emperor. The nobles draw their swords, and demand the life of the traitor. The Count endeavors to save Thaddeus from their fury, gives him a purse, and urges him to fly. He rejects the purse, and Devilshoof appears to protect Thaddeus, but is himself seized and confined in the castle. While all are engaged, Devilshoof descends from the roof of the castle, enters the chamber of Arline, and bears her away, pursued by the Count and the nobles. Devilshoof knocks away the trunk of a tree, which serves as a bridge, after he has passed over it bearing Arline, and the act closes with the despair of the Count, and the sorrow of his friends.

The second act is twelve years later than the first, and Arline, now eighteen years old, is discovered sleeping on a tiger skin, in the gipsy camp. Florestein enters, and is confronted by Devilshoof and a party of gipsies, who rob him of his watch and jewels; but the Gipsy Queen enters, and commands them to restore every thing, a command which they all obey but Devilshoof, who has gone, bearing a jewelled medallion of Florestein's. Arline awakening, hears from Thaddeus the incidents of his first meeting with her, and they plight their mutual love; then the Gipsy Queen enters, and claims the love of Thaddeus. Taunted by Devilshoof with the hopelessness of her love, she joins the hands of Thaddeus and Arline, still muttering revenge. Then turning fiercely to Devilshoof, she forces him to deliver to her the jewel he has taken from Florestein, and they part with mutual vows of revenge on each other. The gipsies afterward assemble at a fair in Presburg, and Arline, while telling fortunes, attracts the attention of Florestein, who asks a kiss, but receives a slap in the face instead. The Gipsy Queen has noticed Florestein's attentions, and tries to make Thaddeus jealous, but professing now to reward Arline for her truth, puts on her neck the jewel taken by Devilshoof from Florestein. Florestein sees the jewel, and denounces Arline as leagued with robbers. Arline is seized and taken into the hall of justice. In her anger at the unjust accusation, she is about to stab herself, but her hand is arrested by the Count, who sees the scar upon her arm, and soon recognizes his daughter.

In the third act, Arline is discovered in the Count's palace, dressed for a ball, but looking at the gipsy dress she used to wear; all the joys of her gipsy life recur to her memory, and she breaks out in one of her wild songs. At this instant, Devilshoof enters, and proposes to make her the Gipsy Queen. She refuses, and Thaddeus appears; but the great doors are thrown open, giving scarcely time for Devilshoof to escape by the window, and Thaddeus to conceal himself. The Gipsy Queen enters the brilliant assemblage, and tells the Count his daughter has a lover concealed. Thaddeus is discovered, but Arline boldly avows he is her lover, and shall be her husband; and on the Count's despairing attempt to avert the tie which he supposes dishonorable, Thaddeus proves that he is of noble birth, and displays the commission he held in the service of Poland, when the Count withdraws his objections, and the lovers are united. The Gipsy Queen has hired a gipsy to kill Thaddeus, but Devilshoof strikes the gun, and changes its direction at the moment of discharge, and the Gipsy Queen is herself killed.



# THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The chateau and grounds of COUNT ARNHEIM, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side the principal entrance to the castle; opposite is a Statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag.*

(*On rising of the curtain, the retainers of COUNT ARNHEIM are discovered preparing for the chase.*)

### CHORUS.

Up with the banner, and down with the slave  
Who shall dare to dispute the right,  
Wherever its folds in their glory wave,  
Of the Austrian eagle's flight;  
Its pinnion flies  
As free in the skies,  
As that of the airy king,  
And thro' danger fleets,  
Like the heart that beats  
Beneath his plumed wing.

[After they have fixed the flag they all come forward.]

Now the foeman lieth low and the battle field's won,  
We may honor in peace what in war we have done.

The stirring chase, the festive board,  
The varied charms which each afford,  
Shall the day and night beguile;  
And care shall be drowned in that glass  
Which nothing on earth can surpass,  
But a lovely woman's smile.

Then up with the banner, &c.

[At the end of chorus, COUNT ARNHEIM and FLORESTEIN enter from chateau (S. E. L.) followed by various neighboring nobles, pages, huntsmen, &c., and his child ARLINE, attended by BUDA, &c.]

## SOLO.—COUNT.

A soldier's life  
 Has been of strife,  
 In all its forms so much,  
 That no gentler theme,  
 The world will deem,  
 A soldier's heart can touch.

## CHORUS—RETAINERS.

Hail to the lord of the soil,  
 His vassals' love is the spoil,  
 That lord delights to share.

## CHORUS—HUNTERS.

Away to the hill and glen,  
 Where the hunter's belted men,  
 With bugles shake the air.

[The COUNT, after bowing to his friends, sees ARLINE,  
 and takes her in his arms.]

Cou. Ah! who can tell save he who feels,  
 The care a parent's love reveals,  
 How dear, fond thing, thou art  
 To this lone, widowed heart!

Cho. Away to the hill and glen, &c.

[During this, a retainer brings down (R.) a rifle to FLORESTEIN, who puts it away from him. COUNT ARNHEIM exits into chateau. Nobles and hunters ascend rocks and exeunt. ARLINE petitions BUDA to let her accompany them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of rocks, with her and FLORESTEIN.]

[Enter THADDEUS, breathless and exhausted, in a state of great alarm.]

THA. A guard of Austrian soldiers are on my track, and I can no longer elude their vigilance. An exile from my wretched country, now a prey to the inveterate invader, my only hope is in some friendly shelter. (*Sees the Statue of the Emperor.*) Ah! that tells me I am here on the very threshold of our enemies!

## RECITATIVE—THADDEUS.

Without a country, without a home, without friends, and without fortune!—oh, what will become of the proscribed orphan, Thaddeus of Poland!

## CAVATINA.

'Tis sad to leave your father-land,  
 And friends you loved there well,  
 To wander on a stranger strand,  
 Where friends but seldom dwell.

Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,  
 And deeply though they smart,  
 Their pangs are light to those who are  
 The orphans of the heart!

Oh, if there were one gentle eye,  
 To weep when I might grieve,  
 One bosom to receive the sigh,  
 Which sorrow oft will heave.

One heart the ways of life to cheer,  
 Though rugged they might be,  
 No language can express how dear  
 That heart would be to me!

[At the end of song, a troop of gipsies, headed by  
 DEVILSHOOF, their leader, suddenly appear, R.,  
 and are about to seize and rob THADDEUS, but  
 presuming by his dress that he is a soldier, they  
 stop and examine him.]

## CHORUS.

In the gipsy's life you my read  
 The life that all would like to lead:

Through the wide world to rove,  
 Be it sunny or drear,  
 With but little to love,  
 And still less to fear:

Sometimes under roof, and sometimes thrown  
 Where the wild wolf makes his lair,  
 For he who's no home to call his own  
 Will find a home somewhere.

'Tis the maxim of man,  
 What's another's to claim;  
 Then to keep all he can,  
 And we do the same!

Thus a habit once, 'tis custom grown,  
 And every man will take care,  
 If he hasn't a home to call his own,  
 To find a home somewhere.

THA. The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with a project. (*To DEV.*) Your manner and habit please me. I should like to join your band. I am young, strong, and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

DEV. Who are you?

THA. One without money, without home, and without hope.

DEV. You're just the fellow for us then!

GIP. (*who is on the look out on rock, R.*) Soldiers are coming this way.

THA. 'Tis me they are in search of.

DEV. Indeed, then they'll be cunning if they find you.

[In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off THADDEUS, and as they are putting a gipsy's frock, &c., over him, a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of DEVILSHOOF, who seizes it.]

DEV. What's this?

THA. My commission! It is the only thing I possess on earth, and I will never part with it.

[Snatches and conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the gipsies, when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.]

OFFL. (*scrutinizing gipsies.*) Have you seen any one pass this way—any stranger?

DEV. No one—stay—yes, a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

OFFL. That's him—thanks, friend!—forward!

[Exeunt soldiers up rocks.]

#### DUET AND CHORUS.

DEV.

Comrade, your hand,  
 We understand  
 Each other in a breath.

[Shaking his hand.]

This grasp secures  
 Its owner yours,  
 In life, and until death.

- THA. Long as it hold  
With friendly fold,  
Mine shall cling to it.
- (aside) By death he means, but  
If there's a throat to cut,  
Why you must do it!
- CHO. In the gipsy's life you may read, &c.
- THA. My wants are few—
- DEV. Want we ne'er knew,  
But what we could supply.
- THA. Then what is worse  
I have no purse—
- DEV. We nothing have to buy.
- THA. My heart 'twill ring—
- DEV. That is a thing  
In which we never deal.
- THA. But all I need—
- DEV. 'Twere best indeed  
To borrow, beg, or steal.
- CHO. In the gipsy's life you may read, &c.

## ENSEMBLE.

- DEV. Then rest ye here while we  
Explore each spot, and see  
What luck there is in store.
- THA. The scenes and days to me,  
Which seemed so blest to be,  
No time can e'er restore.
- CHO. Oh, what is the worth of the richest man's wealth,  
Which the chances are likely he came to by stealth,  
Unless he can rove abroad in the free air,  
As free as are we, from all sorrow and care.

[All exeunt R.—Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of huntsmen are seen to cross the tree over the rocks, &c., and exeunt by the path where ARLINE, &c., went off. Alarms continue, when FLORESTEIN rushes in apparently frightened to death.]

## SONG.

Is no succor near at hand?  
 For my intellect so reels,  
 I am doubtful if I stand  
 On my head, or on my heels.  
 No gentlemen, its very clear,  
 Such shocks should ever know,  
 And when I once become a peer,  
 They shall not treat me so!

Then let ev'ry vassal arm,  
 For my thanks he well deserves,  
 Who from this state of alarm,  
 Will protect my shattered nerves!  
 To think that one unused to fear,  
 Such fright should ever know,  
 But let them make me once a peer,  
 They shall not treat me so!

[At end of song THADDEUS and PEASANTRY  
 rush in, evincing the greatest state of alarm  
 and terror.]

THA. What means this alarm?

PEA. The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked  
 by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed ere this!

THA. What do I hear?

[He perceives the rifle that FLORESTEIN has left  
 on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it,  
 runs up the rocks, aims, fires, and instantly  
 rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the  
 alarm of the peasantry, bring COUNT ARN-  
 HEIM and his party to the spot. DEVILSHOOF  
 enters at one side, at the same time watching.]

Cou. Whence proceed these sounds of fear, and where is my dar-  
 ling child?

[All maintain a painful silence, when THADDEUS  
 is seen rushing in, conveying ARLINE, who is  
 wounded in the arm, and seems faint.]

BUD. (*falling at the COUNT's feet.*) We were pursued by the wild  
 deer they were chasing, and but for the bravery of this young man  
 (*pointing to THA.*), the life of your child would have been sacri-  
 ficed.

Cou. (*clasping his child in his arms.*) Praised be Providence her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy. (*Looking at her arm, then addressing BUDA.*) Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger.

[BUDA goes into the castle with ARLINE, and COUNT ARNHEIM advances to THADDEUS.]

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him.

DEV. (*aside.*) First to serve, and then be thanked by, the persecutor of his country. The fellow's mad!

Cou. I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and 'twill gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

THA. I thank your lordship; but—

Cou. (*to the Nobles.*) Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

[Here the nobles all surround the COUNT and THADDEUS, and FLORESTEIN, coming up to him, says—]

FLO. I'm extremely obliged to you for not shooting me as well as my little cousin—and I beg you'll—aw—stay—(*aside*)—A very common sort of personage, apparently.

THA. (*to the Count.*) Be it as your lordship wishes.

Cou. Then be seated, friends, and let the fete begin.

[They all seat themselves at the tables, which have previously been laid on the o. p. opposite the castle. THADDEUS takes his seat at the further end, FLORESTEIN occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which BUDA is seen at one of the windows holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing, the COUNT rises.]

Cou. I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life of your Emperor.

[Here the guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning toward the statue of the Emperor, drink, while the peasantry surround it respectfully. THADDEUS alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which, FLORESTEIN goes up to the COUNT and points it out to him.]

FLO. Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass, nor fulfills your wishes.

COU. (*filling a glass and going up to THADDEUS.*) I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

THA. (*taking the glass.*) I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

[Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows.]

Chorus of guests, rising, drawing their swords and rushing toward THADDEUS.

Down with the daring slave  
Who disputes the right  
Of a people's delight,  
And would their anger brave!

COU. [To the nobles and guests, interposing between them and THADDEUS.]

Although 'tis vain to mask  
The rage such act demands,  
Forgive me if I ask  
His pardon at your hands;  
If from your wrath I venture to have craved  
The life of one, my more than life who saved.

(To THADDEUS.) Stranger, I answer not  
One moment for your life;  
Quit, while you may, a spot  
Where you have raised a strife.  
Your longer presence will more excite,  
And this will the service you did me requite.

DEVILSHOOF rushes in.

[*Throws THADDEUS a purse of gold.*]

Where is the hand will dare to touch,  
One hair of a head I prize so much.

[*Taking the hand of THADDEUS.*]

(To COU.) That pulse of pride you boast  
Within me beats as high,  
You and your titled host,  
Proud lord I do defy.



FLO. [Aside, with a glass in one hand, and a leg of a bird in the other.]

Upon my life 'tis most unpleasant,  
Just as one had attacked a pheasant.

[THADDEUS, who has taken up the purse, and seeing himself and DEVILSHOOF surrounded by the nobles and guests, throws the purse at the COUNT's feet.]

Take back your gold, and learn to know  
One——above aught you can bestow.

CHORUS OF NOBLES, &c.

Down with the daring slave  
Who would our fury brave.

DEV. Stand back, ye craven things,  
Who dares obstruct our path  
Upon his rashness brings  
The vengeance of my wrath.

[DEVILSHOOF, defending THADDEUS, retreats, pressed upon by the nobles, guests, &c., when the COUNT orders a party of his retainers to divide them; they seize DEVILSHOOF and take him into the castle.]

Seize him and bind him, and there let him find,  
Escape from those walls better men have confined.

[Here a party of the huntsmen and retainers separate THADDEUS and DEVILSHOOF; they march THADDEUS off, and exit among the rocks, while DEVILSHOOF is dragged into the castle.]

DEV. (*As they are dragging him off.*)

Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke  
Of one by all abhorr'd,  
Yet tremble, worthless lord,  
At the vengeance you thus provoke.

CHO. Down with the daring slave  
Who would our fury brave.

[DEVILSHOOF is dragged off in the castle; the COUNT, nobles, &c., reseal themselves, when other dances are introduced and the festival continues. BUDA is seen to leave the window

at which she has been seated with ARLINE, and she enters and converses with the COUNT. In the midst of the most joyous movements of the dance, DEVILSHOOF is seen descending from the roof of the castle, until he reaches the window of ARLINE's chamber, into which he is seen to enter, and to shut it immediately. BUDA then enters the castle, and in a minute afterward the festivities are interrupted by a violent shrieking, the window is thrown open, and BUDA, pale, and with dishevelled hair, signifies by her gestures that ARLINE has disappeared.]

CHO. What sounds break on the air?  
What looks of wild despair

A grief as wild impart.

Cou. My child! that word alone,  
With agonizing tone,  
Burst in upon my heart.

[COUNT and NOBLES dash into the castle. A general movement of all—some are seen at the window of ARLINE's chamber, signifying that she is gone.]

CHO. Be every hand prepared  
Their liege lord's halls to guard,  
With devotion whose bond  
All ties is beyond.

FLO. (*kneeling, and appearing greatly alarmed.*)

Why, what with dancing, screaming, fighting,  
One really is a shocking plight in,  
And it puzzles quite one's wit  
To find a place to pick a bit.

[The COUNT rushes from the castle, dragging BUDA, and followed by nobles. BUDA, trembling, falls on her knees.]

Cou. Wretch! monster! give me back  
The treasure of my soul;  
Go—all—the spoiler's footsteps track  
That treasured prize who stole.  
But no, vain hope! unless we pray to Him  
Who healeth all sorrow, with suppliant limb.

## PRAYER.

Thou, who in might supreme,  
 O'er the fate of all reignest,  
 Thou who hope's palest beam  
 In the mourner sustainest.  
 Vouchsafe to lend an ear  
 To the grief of the wailer,  
 Cut short the dark career  
 Of the ruthless assailer.

[During the prayer, DEVILSHOOF is seen climbing up the rocks, with ARLINE in his arms.]

## CHORUS.

Follow, follow, with heart and with arm,  
 Follow, follow, and shelter from harm  
 The pride of Arnheim's line,  
 Where all his hopes entwine.  
 Follow, follow,  
 O'er brake and through hollow!  
 Climb the hill, ford the stream,  
 High in air weapons gleam!  
 Dash through where danger lies!  
 Danger—ay, death, despise!  
 To save let all combine  
 The pride of Arnheim's line.

[At the most animated part of the chorus, bodies of gentry, retainers, servants, &c., are seen rushing toward the rocks, and over every part, in pursuit of DEVILSHOOF, who, perceiving his situation, knocks away, the moment he has crossed it, the trunk of the tree which serves as a bridge between the two rocks, and thus bars their passage. COUNT ARNHEIM, in his distraction, is about to throw himself into the gulph—he is held back by attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless. Some are in attitude of prayer—others menace DEVILSHOOF, who, folding ARLINE in his large cloak, disappears in the depths of the forest.]

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END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

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[NOTE.—Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.]

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SCENE 1.—*Street in Presburg, by moonlight—Tent of the Queen of the Gipsies, large curtains at the back—it is lighted by a lamp. On the opposite side of the Stage are Houses—one of which, an Hotel, is lighted up.*

ARLINE is discovered asleep on a tiger's skin—THADDEUS is watching over her. As the curtain rises a Patrol of the City Guard marches by, and as soon as they are gone off, DEVILSHOOF and a party of gipsies, wrapped up in cloaks, suddenly appear.

### CHORUS.

Silence! silence!—the lady moon  
Is the only witness now awake,  
And weary of watching, perchance she soon  
To sleep will herself betake.  
Silence! silence! from her throne in air  
She may look on and listen, for aught we care,  
But if she attend unto our behest,  
She will quietly go to her rest.

### SOLO.—DEVILSHOOF.

There's a deed to do who's gains  
Will reward the risk and the pains—  
[The Gipsies all draw their daggers and appear delighted.]  
Fie! fie! to a gentleman when you appeal,  
You may draw his purse without drawing your steel;  
With bows, and politeness, and great respect,  
You may take more than he can at first detect.

[Pointing to the lighted windows of the Hotel.]

See, where in goblets deep  
 What sense they have they steep—  
 Watch here! till each to his home  
 Shall reel on his doubtful way.  
 Watch here! and the goblet's foam  
 Will make him an easy prey!  
 Silence! silence! this way, this way!

[As the Gipsies retire up the stage, FLORESTEIN staggers out of the hotel—he is elegantly dressed, with chain, rings, &c., and a rich medallion round his neck.]

FLO. Wine! wine! If I am heir  
 To the Count—my uncle's—line— [Hiccup.]  
 Where's the fellow—will dare  
 To refuse his nephew—wine? [Hiccup.]

That moon there, staring me in the way  
 Can't be as modest as people say,  
 For meet whom she will, and at whatever spot,  
 She often looks on at what she ought not.  
 Wine! wine! wine!

[The Gipsies have by this time advanced, and DEVILSHOOF goes politely up to FLORESTEIN.]

My ear caught not the clock's last chime,  
 And I beg to ask the time?

[FLORESTEIN reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing DEVILSHOOF.]

(Aside.) If the bottle has prevailed,  
 Yet whenever I'm assailed,  
 Though there may be nothing in it,  
 I am sobered in a minute—

(To DEV.) You are really so polite,  
 That (*pulling out his watch*) 'tis late into the night  
 [Taking the watch and putting it into his fob.]  
 You are very kind—can it really be!  
 Are you sure it is so late?

FLO. (*assuming courage.*) May I beg to ask——?

DEV. I am grieved to see

Any one in such a state,  
 And will gladly take the utmost care  
 Of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

[Taking from FLORESTEIN his rings, chain, and the rich medallion. FLORESTEIN draws his sword.]

FLO. What I thought was politeness is downright theft,  
And at this rate I soon shall have nothing left.

[At a sign from DEVILSHOOF the Gipsies surround FLORESTEIN, and take every valuable from him.]

CHO. Advance with caution, let every man  
Seize on and keep whatever he can.

[During the chorus, DEVILSHOOF makes off with the medallion, and others are dividing the rest of the spoil, when a female appears in the midst of them, drops her cloak, and discovers their Queen. The Gipsies appear stupified.]

QUEEN. To him from whom you stole,  
Surrender back the WHOLE.

[The Gipsies return the different things to FLORESTEIN.]

FLO. (*trembling and looking over the things.*)

Thanks, madam,—lady—but might I request  
A medallion in diamonds—worth all the rest.

[At a sign from the Queen, who seems to command its restitution.]

#### CHORUS OF GIPSIES.

On our chieftain's share we ne'er encroach  
And he fled with that prize, at your approach.

QUE. (*To FLORESTEIN.*) Be your safety my care—

FLO. (*trembling.*) I'm in precious hands.

QUE. (*To GIPSIES.*) Follow and list to your Queen's commands.

CHO. Yes, we will list to our Queen's commands.

[Exeunt QUEEN, holding FLORESTEIN, all of a tremble, in one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies to follow with the other. As soon as they have gone off, ARLINE, who has been awoke by the noise, comes from the tent, followed by THADDEUS.]

ARL. Where have I been wandering in my sleep? Would you not like to know my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

## THE GIPSY GIRL'S DREAM.

I dream'd that I dwelt in marble halls,  
 With vassals and serfs at my side,  
 And of all who assembled within those walls  
 That I was the hope and pride.  
 I had riches too great to count—could boast  
 Of a high ancestral name;  
 And I also dream'd, which charmed me most  
 [Taking both his hands in hers.]  
 That you loved me still the same.

I dream'd that suitors besought my hand,  
 That knights upon bended knee  
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,  
 That they pledged their faith to me.  
 And I dream'd that one of this noble host  
 Came forth my hand to claim;  
 Yet I also dream'd, which charm'd me most  
 That you lov'd me still the same.

[At the end of the ballad, THADDEUS presses  
 ARLINE to his heart.]

ARL. And do you love me still?

THA. More than life itself.

ARL. Yet there is a mystery I would fain unravel. (*Pointing to her arm.*) The mark on this arm is the key to that mystery. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

## DUET.

THA. (*Taking her hand and pointing to the mark.*)

That wound upon thine arm,  
 Whose mark through life will be,  
 In saving thee from greater harm  
 Was there transfixed by me.

ARL.

By thee?

THA.

E'er on thy gentle head  
 Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
 A wild deer who had lain at bay  
 Pursued by hunters cross'd the way,  
 But slaying him I rescu'd thee;  
 And in his death throes agony  
 That tender frame by his antler gor'd  
 This humble arm to thy home restor'd.

ARL. Strange feelings move this breast  
It never knew before,  
And bid me here implore  
That you reveal the rest.

## ENSEMBLE.

THA. The secret of her birth  
To me is only known,  
The secret of a life whose worth,  
I prize beyond my own.

ARL. The secret of my birth  
To him is fully known,  
The secret of a life whose worth,  
I prize beyond my own.

ARL. Speak, tell me—ease my tortured heart,  
And that secret evil or good impart.

THA. I will tell thee, although the words may sever,  
One who so loves thee, from thy love forever.

## ENSEMBLE.

ARL. Where is the spell hath yet effaced,  
The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,  
And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast?

THA. And yet few spells have e'er effaced  
The first fond lines that love hath trac'd,  
And after years have but imprest  
More deep in love's confiding breast.

[At the end of the duet, THADDEUS throws himself, in an ecstasy, at the feet of ARLINE, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the QUEEN appears, pale, and trembling with passion. She advances towards ARLINE, and pointing towards THADDEUS.]

QUE. And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your Queen?

ARL. I possess *his* heart, and will yield the possession to no one; he has sworn he loves me.

QUE. Loves you!



ARL. Yes; let him choose between us.

QUE. Be it so.

[THADDEUS, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces ARLINE. She surveys the QUEEN with an air of triumph.]

ARL. (*To the QUEEN.*) I made no idle boast; (*then to THADDEUS*) summon our comrades hither.

[The QUEEN is standing in the centre, while THADDEUS calls the Gipsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the QUEEN, and appear to ask what is going on.]

### CONCERTED PIECE.

ARL. Listen, while I relate  
The hopes of the Gipsy's fate.  
I am loved by one, by one I love  
All other hearts above,  
And the sole delight to me

[Taking the hand of THADDEUS.]

Is with him united to be.

CHO. Happy and light of heart be those  
Who in each bosom one faith repose!

[Aside—maliciously pointing to the QUEEN.]

DEV. A rival's hate you may better tell  
By her rage than by her tears,  
And it, perchance, may be as well,  
To set them both by the ears.

(*To QUEEN.*) As Queen of the tribe, 'tis yours, by right,  
The hands of those you rule to unite.

CHO. (*To the QUEEN, who draws back and hesitates.*)  
In love and truth, by thee,  
Their hands united be.

ARL. (*Partly inclining in supplication.*)  
A rival no more, but a subject see,  
Asking thy blessing on bended knee.

THA. (*Raising her.*)  
Debase not thyself, but rather lose  
The boon, and a fate less wayward choose.

CHO. (*Urging the QUEEN.*)  
In love and truth, by thee  
Their hands united be.

QUE. (*Haughtily advancing and taking the hands of* ARLINE *and* THADDEUS.)

Hand to hand, and heart to heart,

Who shall those I've mated part?

By the spell of my sway,

Part them who may. [*Joining their hands.*]

CHO.

Happy and light of heart be those

Who in each bosom one faith repose!

*During this scene the stage has been growing somewhat lighter,*

GIPSY enters.

GIP. Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already flocking towards the fair; the sports begin with daylight.

QUE. Summon the rest of the tribe, and meet me forthwith in the public square. (*To DEV.*) Do you remain to bear my further orders.

[*Exeunt* THA. and ARL. hand in hand, followed by the other Gipsies repeating Chorus.]

DUET.

QUE. This is thy deed—seek not to assuage  
My jealous fears and a rival's rage.

DEV. I neither fear nor seek to calm—

QUE. (*aside to DEV.*) Revenge is the wounded bosom's balm.

That jewel with which thou hast dared to deck

Thy foredoomed neck,

Answer me—where did'st thou get it—where?

DEV. It was entrusted to my care.

QUE. This very night, on this very spot

Thy soul for once its fears forgot,

And a drunken galliard who cross'd thy way,

Became thy prey—

DEV. Fiend born, 'twere vain to fly,

The glance of her searching eye!

ENSEMBLE.

QUE. Down on thy knee, and that gem restore

E'en in thy shame amazed,

Or long years of sin shall deplore

The storm which thou hast rais'd.

DEV. (*aside.*) It best might be the prize to restore,

Much as I seem amaz'd,

Oh! hereafter I may deplore

The storm which I have rais'd.

DEV. (*kneeling and presenting the medallion to the QUEEN.*)

Queen, I obey.

QUE. 'Tis the wisest thing

Thy coward soul could do, [*Takes medallion.*]

DEV. (*aside.*) Who from my grasp such prize could wring,  
The doing it may rue.

QUE. Depart and join the rest.

DEV. I do thy high behest— (*aside.*)

### ENSEMBLE.

The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget  
Will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.  
QUE. The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,  
Will the edge of our vengeance more sharply whet.  
[*Exeunt the QUEEN and DEVILSHOOF at separate sides.*]

### SCENE 2.—*Another Street in Presburg—Daylight.*

[Enter ARLINE in a fanciful dress, followed by a troop of Gipsies.  
She has a tambourine in her hand.]

### CHORUS.

In the gipsies' life you may read  
The life that all would like to lead.

### SONG.—ARLINE.

Come with the gipsy bride!

And repair

To the fair,

Where the mazy dance

Will the hours entrance,

Where souls as light preside!

Life can give nothing beyond

One heart you know to be fond,

Wealth with its hoards cannot buy

The peace content can supply:

Rank in its halls may not find

The calm of a happy mind.

So repair

To the fair,

And they all may be met with there.

Love is the first thing to clasp,

But if he escape your grasp,  
 Friendship will then be at hand,  
 In the young rogue's place to stand;  
 Hope, too, will be nothing loth  
 To point out the way to both.  
                     So repair  
                     To the fair,  
 And they all may be met with there.

## CHORUS.

In the gipsies' life you may read,  
 The life that all would like to lead.

[*Exit ARLINE, followed by the tribe of Gipsies.*]

SCENE 3.—Great fair in the public Plaatz of Presburg, where the scene is well shown. The procession of the *various trades* commences from back of platform turning to L., and down on to stage, then passes down on R. The procession is formed of *Banners of the trade*, each with two attendants, one carrying a symbol of the trade, the other a wand. Dancers, boys, &c., &c.

## CHORUS.

Life itself is at the best  
 One scene in mask of folly drest,  
 And there is no part of its wild career  
 But you will meet with here!  
 To these symbols of life your voices swell  
 Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle.

[At the end of the Chorus and during the Symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the place, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies, headed by DEVILSHOOF and THADDEUS, who force a passage down the centre of the stage, which they occupy; they then open their ranks, when another file of female Gipsies, headed by their QUEEN and ARLINE, pass down them. FLORESTEIN and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.]

QUARTET.—ARLINE, QUEEN, THADDEUS, DEVILSHOOF.

From the valleys and hills  
 Where the sweetest buds grow,

And are watered by rills  
Which are purest that flow.  
Come we! Come we!

# CHORUS.

Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or gibe,  
Who can compare with the free, happy Gipsy tribe.

[During this, the body of Gipsies have been enacting characteristic Dances, when ARLINE, carrying a flower-basket in her hand, glides round to the assembled company and sings.]

# SOLO.—ARLINE.

Sir Knight, and lady listen!  
That bright eye seems to glisten  
    *(To a lady.)*  
As if his trusted tale  
Did o'er thy sense prevail!  
    *(To another—pointing to her heart.)*  
Pretty maiden, take care, take care,  
What havoc love maketh there!  
    *(To a third—pointing to a ring on her finger.)*  
And this token, from love you borrow,  
Is the prelude of many a sorrow:  
There are those who have lived, who knew  
The gipsy's words to be true.

CHO.      *(As the same dance of the other gipsies continues.)*

Light of heart, fleet of foot, reckless of slight or gibe,  
Who can compare with the free, happy Gipsy tribe!

[At the end of the dance and chorus COUNT ARNHEIM and some Officers of State enter; his hair has become gray, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by FLORESTEIN.]

FLO. My dear uncle, it delights me to see you amongst us, and here is a little gipsy girl that would delight you still more *(aside)*, if you had my blood in your veins; she's positively a charming creature.

COU. I have lost the taste of joy, and the sight of youth and beauty recalls to my memory that treasure of both, my loved and lost Arline.

[He gazes attentively at ARLINE, sighs heavily, then exit with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.]

FLO. (*To a party of his friends.*) It's no use restraining me—I'm positively smitten. (*Breaks from them and goes up to ARLINE.*) Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would fain take a lesson from you.

ARL. Of politeness, sir? By all means: to begin then, whenever you address a lady, always take your hat off.

FLO. Very smart (*with a titter*)—'pon my word, very smart. Your naivete only increases the feelings of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart—

ARL. (*Bursting out laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

FLO. Your indifference will drive me to despair.

ARL. Will it really?

FLO. Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon—

[Here ARLINE gives him a violent slap on the face: the QUEEN, who has gone up the stage with THADDEUS, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of ARLINE and FLORESTEIN; he is about to rush upon FLORESTEIN just as ARLINE has slapped his face; on receiving it, he turns round, and finds himself between the two, and both are laughing in his face.]

QUE. (*eyeing FLORESTEIN.*) It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give him back again.

[Taking the medallion from her bosom.]

This too is his, and now my project thrives.

[FLORESTEIN turns up the stage to join his party, and the QUEEN crosses to ARLINE.]

You have acted well your part, and thus your QUEEN rewards you.

[Places the medallion round her neck.]

Forget not the hand who gave it.

ARL. (*Kneeling and kissing the Queen's hand.*) Let this bespeak my gratitude.

QUE. And now let our tribe depart.

[Chorus and dance repeated, and the Gipsies are about to march off. THADDEUS and ARLINE bring up the rear of their body; and as they are going off, FLORESTEIN, who with his friends has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of ARLINE—he breaks through the crowd and stops her—she and THADDEUS come forward.]

FLO. Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognize it.

ALL. We do, we do. [Here DEVILSHOOF is seen to steal off.]

FLO. And I accuse you of having stolen it.

ARL. Stolen! It was this instant given me by our Queen, and she is here to verify my words.

[ARLINE runs about looking everywhere for the QUEEN.]

FLO. That's an every-day sort of subterfuge. (*To the crowd.*) Worthy people and friends, that medallion on her neck belongs to me, and I accuse her or her accomplices of having robbed me.

### CONCERTED PIECE.

[Chorus of Populace surrounding ARLINE.]

Shame! shame! let us know the right,  
And shame on the guilty one light!

THA. [*Rushing before ARLINE to shield her.*]

He who a hand on her would lay,  
Through my heart must force his way.

CHO. Tear them asunder, but still protect  
Until they can prove, what they but suspect.

ARL. To all who their belief have leant,  
Heaven can attest I am innocent.

[FLORESTEIN, who has during this movement entered the Hall of Justice, is now seen returning, followed by a strong guard, who file off each side of the steps.]

FLO. (*To CAPTAIN OF GUARD. Pointing to ARLINE.*)

There stands the culprit, on you I call  
Conduct her away to the Hall—to the Hall.

[ARLINE looks at him with great contempt; the Gipsies perceiving her danger range themselves around her. THADDEUS breaks from those who are holding him and rushes up to her. FLORESTEIN has got behind the CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, who gives orders for his men to seize ARLINE, upon which the Gipsies draw their daggers, a conflict ensues, in which the GUARD maintains possession of ARLINE, a body of the populace re-seize THADDEUS, and the Gipsies are routed.]

## ENSEMBLE.

CAP. OF G. They who would brave the law,  
 Against themselves but draw  
 The aid of which they stood in need,  
 And aggravate their guilty deed.

FLO. Now it is with the law,  
 I beg leave to withdraw.  
 A glass of wine I greatly need,  
 For it has hurt my nerves indeed.

THA. Free me, or else the law  
 Upon your heads you draw,  
 It's aid you may live to need,  
 Who smile upon this daring deed.

GUA. If you dare brave the law,  
 Upon your heads ye draw  
 The aid of which ye stand in need,  
 And aggravate their guilty deed.

GIP. Why should we fear the law,  
 Or all the arms ye draw,  
 While of our aid she stands in need  
 And guiltless is of such a deed.

[ARLINE is conducted by a file of the Guard, led by the CAPTAIN and preceded by FLORESTEIN and his party into the Hall of Justice; the people follow in a mass, while THADDEUS is detained by those who first seized him, and as ARLINE is going up the steps, the figure of the QUEEN is seen in an attitude of triumph over her rivals fall.]

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SCENE 4.—*Interior of COUNT ARNHEIM'S apartment in the Hall of Justice.—A view of the last scene visible through one of the windows at the back.—A full length portrait of ARLINE, as she was in the first act, hangs on the wall.—State chairs, &c.—An elevation or dais on the O. P. side.*

COUNT ARNHEIM enters, thoughtful and dejected. He contemplates ARLINE'S portrait, and wipes the tear from his eye.



## RECITATIVE.

Whate'er the scenes the present hour calls forth before the sight,  
They lose their splendor when compared with the scenes of past  
delight.

## SONG.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe  
To weakest hope will cling,  
To thought and impulse while they flow,  
That can no comfort bring.  
With those exciting scenes will blend  
O'er the pleasure's pathway thrown,  
But mem'ry is the only friend,  
That grief can call its own.  
The mind will in its worst despair,  
Still ponder o'er the past,  
On moments of delight that were  
Too beautiful to last.  
To long departed years extend  
Its visions with them flown;  
For mem'ry is the only friend  
That grief can call its own.

[At the end of the song, a confused noise is heard outside, when the Captain of the Guard enters.]

CAP. A robbery has been committed, and the accused is now in the hall awaiting the pleasure of your lordship, as chief magistrate of the city, for examination.

COU. Bring the parties before me.

[The Captain arranges the magisterial chair on P., bows and exit.]

Any thing to arouse me from these distracting thoughts, though the sole happiness I now enjoy is in the recollection of my long lost child.

[Seats himself, when the doors are violently opened, and a mob of citizens, guards and gentry enters. FLORESTEIN is in the midst of them, who instantly rushes up to the COUNT.]

FLO. It is your lordship's nephew—I, who have been robbed!

COU. Some folly of yours is for ever compromising my name and that of your family.

FLO. But I am in this instance the victim—I have been robbed, and there stands the culprit.

[Pointing to ARLINE standing in the centre, pale and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanor.]

Cou. (*aside.*) 'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl—so young, so beautiful—commit a robbery, impossible!

FLO. She stole this medallion belonging to me—we found it upon her.

Cou. (*addressing ARLINE.*) Can this be true?

ARL. (*looking contemptuously at FLORESTEIN, and turning with dignity to the COUNT.*) Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, *you* would not deem me guilty.

Cou. Her words sink deep into my breast. Childless myself, I fain would spare the child of another. (*To FLORESTEIN.*) What proof have you of this?

FLO. (*pointing to his friends.*) My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

ALL. We can.

Cou. Still does my mind misgive me. (*To ARLINE, in a kind tone.*) My wish is to establish your innocence—explain this matter to me, and without fear.

ARL. I see it all. She has laid for me this snare, of which I have become the victim.

[Hiding her face in her hands, and weeping.]

Cou. (*with a struggle.*) I believe your tale, and I pity the inexperience which has led to ruin; but in the fulfillment of duty I must deliver you into the hands of justice.

ARL. (*To the COUNT.*) To you my earthly—to Him my heavenly judge, I reassert my innocence.

[She draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when COUNT ARNHEIM rushes forward, seizes her arm and wrests the dagger from her.]

#### FINALE.

Cou. Hold! hold!  
We cannot give the life we take,  
Nor reunite the heart we break!  
Sad thing—

[Taking the hand of ARLINE, and suddenly seeing the wound on her arm.]

What visions round me rise,  
And cloud, with mists of the past, mine eyes!  
That mark! those features! and thy youth!

[Dragging ARLINE forward and with great agitation.]

My very life hangs on thy truth—  
How came that mark?

ARL. (*Recollecting THADDEUS' words.*)

E'er on my head

My sixth sun had its radiance shed,  
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,  
Pursued by hunters, cross'd my way;  
My tender frame, by his antler gor'd,  
An humble youth to my home restor'd.  
The tale he but this day confessed  
And is near at hand to relate the rest.

[Here a tumult is heard, and THADDEUS, having escaped from those who confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of ARLINE. The COUNT, on seeing him, reels back. A general excitement prevails.]

Cou. With the force of fear and hope  
My feelings have to cope!

ARL. (*Approaching the COUNT, and pointing to THADDEUS who starts on beholding him.*)

'Tis he the danger brav'd; A

'Tis he my life who sav'd

SOLO.

Cou. (*Seizing ARLINE in his arms, and in a transport of joy.*)

Mine own, my long lost child!

Oh, seek not to control

This frantic joy, this wild

Delirium of my soul!

Bound in a father's arms,

And pillow'd on his breast,

Bid all the rude alarms

That assail'd thy feelings, rest.

[COUNT clasps ARLINE to his heart—kisses her head, hands, hair, and shedding tears of joy.]

ARI. (*Bewildered, starts from the COUNT and runs to THADDEUS.*)

Speak—speak! this shaken frame,  
This doubt, this torture, see—  
My hopes—my very life—my fame  
Depend on thee.

THA. (*Pointing to COUNT ARNHEIM with deep emotion. Aside.*)

Dear as thou long hast been,  
Dear as thou long wilt be,  
Mourned as this passing scene  
Will be through life by me,

Though his heart and none other, like mine can adore thee,  
Yet (*aloud*) thou art not deceived—'TIS thy father before thee!

[ARLINE staggers, and then rushes into the  
COUNT's arms.]

ENSEMBLE.

CHO. Prais'd be the will of heav'n  
Whose light on them smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath giv'n  
The father his child!

Cou. Prais'd be the will of heav'n,  
Whose light o'er me smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath giv'n  
A father his child!

ARL. Prais'd be the will of heav'n,  
Whose light o'er me smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath giv'n  
A father his child!

THA. Though from this bosom riv'n,  
That heart is beguil'd,  
The bereavement hath giv'n  
The father his child!

[THADDEUS hides his face in his hands, much  
moved.]

DEV. (*Suddenly emerging from the crowd, and dragging THADDEUS  
away.*)

Better to go e're driv'n,  
Than e'er be revil'd,  
For the bounty hath giv'n  
The father his child!

CHO. Prais'd be the will of heav'n,  
Whose light on them smil'd,  
And whose bounty hath giv'n  
The father his child

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A splendid Saloon in the Castle of COUNT ARNHEIM. —On the ground floor, a large window at the back opening on the Park.—On the O. P. side, the door of a small Cabinet, doors at the back, leading into spacious Galleries.*

[Enter ARLINE, elegantly dressed for a Ball.]

ARL. The past appears but a dream. Who twice restored me to a father's home?

[COUNT ARNHEIM enters with FLORESTEIN—ARLINE runs into his arms.]

COU. Every moment you leave me is a moment of unhappiness. On a night of so much joy, let me intercede for one you have too much cause to be angry with.

ARL. (*To the COUNT, averting her head.*) The wishes of my dear father I would cheerfully comply with, but the very sight of him disturbs me.

FLO. (*falling on his knee.*) Fair Cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the—aw—sorrow I really feel at having for an instant believed it possible—in fact, I never in reality—

[Enter a servant.]

What the devil do you want at such a critical part of one's conversation?

[*Servant crosses to the COUNT.*]

SER. The castle is filling with guests, who inquire for your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

COU. (*to ARLINE.*) Let us hasten to meet them, and afford me the joy of making you known to all.

ARL. Allow me but time, and I will follow you.

FLO. That is but reasonable, uncle—I will live in hopes of my cousin's forgiveness, which can alone restore my—peace—of mind. (*aside.*) I shall positively expire if I don't lead off the first quadrille with her. <

(*Exeunt COUNT and FLORESTEIN.*)

[ARLINE goes to the cabinet O. P., and brings out her gipsy dress.]

The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, and of him who made them happy.

[As she is contemplating the dress, the window at the back suddenly opens, and DEVILSHOOF springs into the apartment.]

ARL. (*screaming.*) Ah! what seek you here with me?

DEV. Hush! fear not; but be silent. I come to ask you to re-join our tribe—we have never ceased to feel the loss of one liked more than all the rest.

ARL. Leave me, let me forget we have ever been acquainted.

DEV. I have brought with me one who has undoubtedly greater powers of persuasion than I can pretend to.

[Here THADDEUS appears at the window enters the room, and ARLINE, unable to restrain her feelings, rushes into his arms.]

THA. In the midst of so much luxury, so much wealth and grandeur, I thought you had forgotten me.

ARL. Forgotten you! (*pointing to the gipsy's dress.*) This would always speak to me of you.

THA. The scenes in which you now move may drive from your memory every trace of the past, and I only come, to ask—to hope—that you will sometimes think of me,—

[DEVILSHOOF goes up to the window, on the look out.]

When other lips, and other hearts  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
In language whose excess imparts  
The power they feel so well;  
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,  
Some recollection be  
Of days that have as happy been,  
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight  
The beauty now they prize,  
And deem it but a faded light  
Which beams within your eyes,  
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask  
'Twill break your own to see;  
In such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.

[At the end of the song, ARLINE goes up to THADDEUS, and with great emphasis, says—]

ARL. Whatever may be our future lot, nothing should persuade you that I can ever cease to think of, ever cease to love you.

THA. (*overjoyed.*) My heart is overpowered with happiness;—yet alas! 'tis but of short duration, for I must leave you now forever.

ARL. Oh, no, no! say not so! I cannot live without you.

THA. And will you then forsake your home, your kindred all! and follow me?

# ENSEMBLE AND TRIO.

THA.

(*To ARLINE.*)

Through the world wilt thou fly  
From the world with me?  
Wilt thou fortune's frowns defy,  
As I will for thee?

ARL.

(*To THADDEUS.*)

Through the world I will fly  
From the world with thee,  
Could I hush a father's sigh  
That would heave for me.

DEV. (*Coming down.*)

(*To THADDEUS.*)

All the world hither fly.  
Come away with me!  
Never let a lover's sigh  
Ruin bring on thee.  
Hasten! hasten! thy safety calls:  
See where they throng the halls!  
This way! [*Going towards the window.*]

ARL.

(*Stopping THADDEUS.*)

Stop! do not snap the string  
Of the fondest tie  
In my memory  
To which the heart can cling.

THA.

I am chained by fate to the spot.

DEV.

Nearer they come!

ARL.

Oh, leave me not.

THA.

Oh, where should affection's feelings rest,  
If they may not repose on affection's breast?  
Better to die than to live to grieve  
Over the pangs such partings leave! \*

DEV. [Still looking out.]

A moment more and your doom is cast!

ARL. (*aside.*) The hopes that were brightest—the dreams of the past

In the fullness of promise recede,  
And render the prospect dark indeed.

DEV. Escape is hopeless.

ARL. (*pointing to the cabinet.*) Enter here!

Where detection we need not fear!

### ENSEMBLE.

THA. If it were not for thee, I would here await  
The venom'd shafts of their deadliest hate.

DEV. Though here you may linger, I will not await  
The certain blow of their power and hate.

ARL. Oh, if only for me, no longer await  
The venom'd shafts of their deadliest hate.

[THADDEUS has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and DEVILSHOOF to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by COUNT ARNHEIM, FLORESTEIN, &c. COUNT takes ARLINE's hand and presents her to the company.]

Cou. Welcome, welcome all—share with me the joy I feel, in presenting my long lost daughter.

### FINALE.

CHO. Welcome the present, oh ponder not  
On the days departed now,  
Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,  
And rais'd from pleasure's brow;  
Never mind time, nor what he has done,  
If he only the present will smile upon.

FLO. [*Seeing the gipsy dress on a chair and taking it up.*]  
This is not an ornament fit to grace,  
At such a moment, such a stately place,  
And perchance 'twere best to hide the prize in  
This recess [*pointing to the cabinet*] from his lord-  
ship's eyes.

ARL. [*whose attention has been rivetted upon the cabinet, and seeing FLORESTEIN go near it.*]



CHO.

That room and its treasure belong to me,  
 And from all intrusion must sacred be.  
 Never mind time, nor what he has done,  
 If he only the present will smile upon!  
 Welcome the present, oh ponder not  
 On days departed now;  
 Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,  
 And rais'd from pleasure's brow.

[*A confused murmur is heard at the back of the stage.*]

What sounds break on the ear,  
 Checking young joy's career?

[*A female closely veiled enters the apartment and goes up to COUNT ARNHEIM.*]

FEM.

Heed the warning voice!  
 Wail, and not rejoice!  
 The foe to thy rest,  
 Is one thou lov'st best.

[*She lets her vail fall and discovers the QUEEN of the Gipsies.*]

COT.

Who, and what art thou! Let me know  
 Whom dost thou deem my foe?

QUE.

Think not my warning wild?  
 'Tis thy refund child!  
 She loves a youth of the tribe I sway  
 And braves the world's reproof;  
 List to the words I say—  
 He is now conceal'd beneath thy roof.

COT.

Base wretch, thou liest—

QUE.

Thy faith I begrudge—  
 Open that door, and thyself be judge.

[*COUNT, rushing to the door of the cabinet, which ARLINE in vain opposes.*]

## ENSEMBLE.

ARL.

Stand not across my path,  
 Brave not a father's wrath.  
 Thrown thus across thy path,  
 Let me abide thy wrath.

[*The COUNT pushes ARLINE aside, opens the door, and THADDEUS appears—the COUNT reels back, and every one seems panic struck.*]

## QUINTET AND CHORUS.

COUNT, FLORESTEIN, THADDEUS, ARLINE and QUEEN.

## ENSEMBLE.

Cou. (*to ARL.*) To shame and feeling dead,  
 Now hopeless to deplore,  
 The thunder bursting on thy head.  
 Had not surprised me more.

FLO. And this is why she said,  
 I must not touch the door;  
 It clearly would have been ill-bred,  
 For rivals are a bore!

THA. Though every hope be fled,  
 Which seem'd so bright before,  
 The vengeance I scorn to dread.  
 Which they on me can pour!

ARL. (*Horror stricken on seeing the QUEEN.*)  
 To all but vengeance dead,  
 She stands mine eyes before  
 Its thunders waiting on my head  
 In all her hate to pour.

QUE. (*Maliciously eyeing ARLINE.*)  
 All other feelings dead,  
 Revenge can hope restore,  
 Its thunders on her daring head  
 I only live to pour.

CHO. Although to feeling dead,  
 This sorrow we deplore,  
 The thunder bursting o'er our head,  
 Had not surprised us more.

Cou. (*Advancing to THADDEUS.*)  
 Leave this place thy polluting step hath cross'd,  
 Depart, or thou art lost.

THA. (*Casting a sorrowful look at ARLINE as he is about to go.*)  
 To threats I should contemn,  
 For thy dear sake I yield

ARL. (*Summoning resolution.*)  
 The bursting torrent I will stem,  
 And him I live for shield.

[She takes THADDEUS by the hand, and goes to  
 the COUNT, then turns to the company.]

Break not the only tie,  
That bids my heart rejoice,  
For whom contented I would die—

(*With energy.*) The husband of my choice.

COU. (*Rushing between them and drawing his sword.* To THAD-  
DEUS.)

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains

These halls with the blood of thy recreant veins!

(To ARLINE.) False thing! beloved too long, too well,

Brave not the madness thou canst not quell!

QUE. [*Seizing THADDEUS by the arm.*]

List to the warning voice that calls thee!

Fly from the peril which enthalls thee!

[*Darting a furious look at ARLINE as she passes her.*]

Weep rivers—for ages pine!

*He shall never be thine.*

[*As the Queen is dragging THADDEUS towards the window, ARLINE stops him.*]

ARL. [*To the assembly.*] Your pardon, if I seek

With my father alone to speak.

[*Exeunt every one at the large doors each side of the windows, which close upon them; the QUEEN is seen to pass out of the window*

ARL. [*Falling at the COUNT's feet.*]

See at your feet a suppliant—one

Whose place should be your heart,

Behold the only living thing

To which she had to cling.

Who saved her life, watched o'er her years

With all the fondness faith endears,

And her affections won—

Rend not such ties apart.

COU. Child! Arline! wilt thou, darest thou heap

A stain thine after life will bewEEP,

On these hairs by thee and sorrow bleach'd—

On this heart dishonor never reached?

ARL. [*Rising and seeking refuge in the arms of THADDEUS.*]

Whatever the danger, the ruin, the strife—

It must fall; united we are for life.

Cou. [*with rage.*] United! and would'st thou link my name  
 In a chain of such deep disgrace?  
 My rank, my very blood defame  
 With a blot no time can efface?  
 The child of my heart, of my house the pride,  
 An outcast gipsy's bride!

THA. [*Breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to*  
 COUNT ARNHEIM.]

Proud lord, although this head proscribed,  
 Should fall by the weapons thy wealth hath bribed,  
 Although in revealing the name I bear,  
 The home I shall see no more;  
 The land which to thee in its deep despair  
 The deadliest hatred bore.  
 I may fall as have fallen the bravest of foes.  
 'Twere better like them to die!  
 And in dishonored earth to lie,  
 Then bear unresented reproaches like those.

[COUNT ARNHEIM and ARLINE betray symptoms  
 of astonishment, yet great anxiety]

Start not, but listen!

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof  
 Of the ruthless invader, when might  
 With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,  
 Completed her triumph o'er right:  
 In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked  
 All the fetterless sons of her pride,  
 In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yok'd,  
 I fought and I fell by her side;  
 My birth is noble, unstained my crest  
 As thine own—let this attest.

[Takes his Commission, seen in Act I, from his  
 bosom, and gives it to the COUNT, who stands  
 fixed and bewildered.]

Pity for one in childhood torn  
 From kindred with whom she dwelt,  
 Ripened in after years to love—  
 The fondest that heart hath felt,  
 Has made me thus far faith renew  
 With outlaws chance first link'd me to:

As a foe on this head let your hatred be pil'd,  
But despise not one who hath so loved your child.

Cou. [*Greatly moved.*]

The feuds of a nation's strife,  
The party storms of life,  
Should never their sorrows impart,  
To the calmer scenes of the heart.  
By this hand let thine hold  
Till the blood of its veins be cold!

[THADDEUS, moved to tears, is about to fall at  
the COUNT's feet, who checks him.]

Not at mine—be that homage paid at hers,  
Who the fond one of feeling on thee confers.

### TRIO.

Cou. Let not the soul over sorrows grieve,  
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave  
Let us not think of the tempest past,  
If we reach the haven at last.

ARL. Ne'er should the soul over sorrows grieve  
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave;  
Ne'er should we think of the tempest past,  
If we reach the haven at last.

THA. Why should the soul over sorrows grieve,  
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave;  
Why should we think of the tempest past,  
If we reach the haven at last

[During the trio, the wan figure of the QUEEN  
has been seen at the window in the back, and  
at the end of it, as THADDEUS is about to em-  
brace ARLINE, the QUEEN, in a transport of  
rage, points him out to a gipsy by her side, who  
is in the act of firing at him, when DEVILSHOOF,  
who has tracked their steps, averts the gipsy's  
aim, and by a rapid movement turns the mus-  
ket towards the QUEEN—it goes off, and she  
falls.]

Cou. Guard every portal—summon each guest and friend—  
And this festive scene suspend.

[The distant sound of joyous instruments heard  
in the saloons, which the intelligence of the  
catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases,

and crowds of nobles, ladies, guests, &c., pour in at each door. ARLINE rushes into the arms of THADDEUS, and then passes over to the COUNT.]

ARLINE and CHORUS.

Oh! what full delight,  
Through my bosom thrills  
And a wilder glow  
In my heart instills'

Bliss! unfelt before,  
Hope! without alloy,  
Speak, with raptured tone  
Of that heart the joy!

[As the curtain descends, is heard under the window at the back,]

THE GIPSY'S CHORUS.

In the gipsy's life you may read,  
The life that all would like to lead.

THE END.

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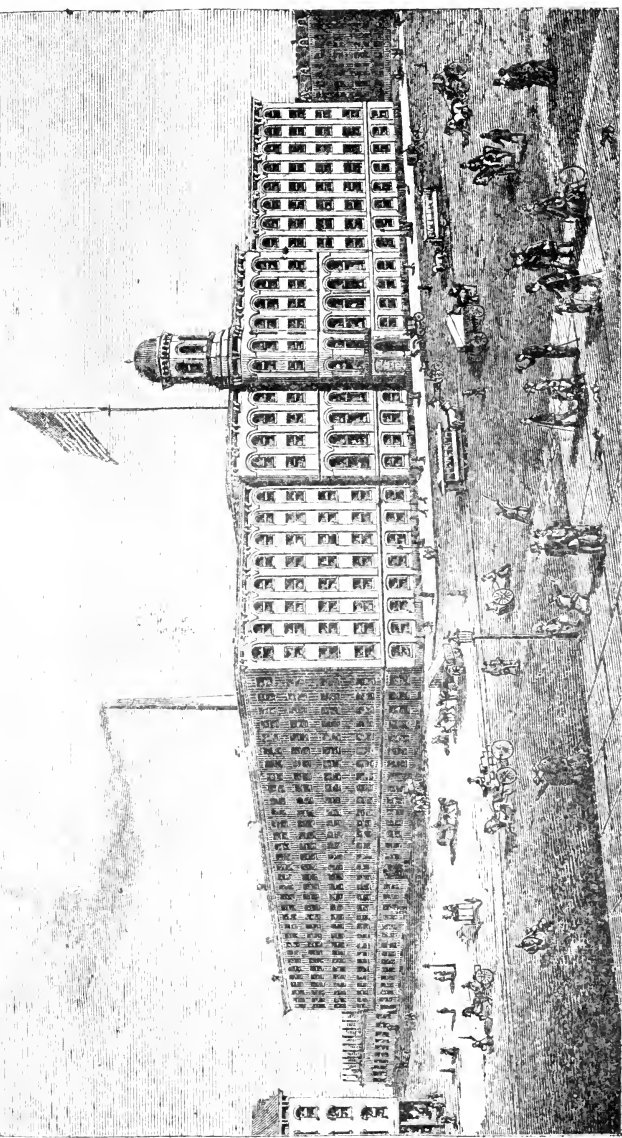


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